

WAGONER RECORD

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ELECTION OF ISPARHECHER

The election is over my friends. Let us trust in the evidence of this popular choice of the people which points to the election of Isparhecher as our next chief. Let us all unite to aid this grand and noble patriot to guard and guide the Muskogee people through the crisis of our immediate front. New hopes and loved memories are revived since the disturbing element has been defeated for Chief and Council. An element that wore the smile for the public and a scowling hatred in secret for an innocent descendant of those ancestors exchanged blows with. They have tried to revive an old feud that existed over eighty years ago, attempting to crush the lone remnant of manhood descending from their opponent's side of the feud of the long forgotten days of the past, forgetting that violence in

those days was promptly met with violence. When they sorrowed by the hearthstone, sorrow blighted by the other, when in 1828 after the murder of General McIntosh by his countrymen, his son Chilly McIntosh with the aid of the Town Chiefs succeeded in making peace between the factions to this feud by his policy of securing 3,000 emigrants to occupy this new country. This peace has always been faithfully abided by, by my side of the faction. In 1874 there was indications that the other side wished to renew a bad feeling. My side had grown had grown weak. What had once been a powerful family had dwindled away to a mere remnant; than L. C. Perryman and S. W. Perryman tried to cause my suspension from the Coweta District Judgeship, and the Hon. James McHenry, Coweta Tustansekee, and Cosestahacho interefered in my behalf and caused Chief Checotah to withdraw his order of suspension.

Annoyances to me were still persisted in when Judge G. W. Stidham interefered in my behalf, assuring the citizens here of my ability and honor to discharge my duties, and that my persecution was caused by blind prejudice. After that faction attained executive control

of this nation, then repeated attempts were made to make it appear that I was not a proper person or citizen here, but something of an outcast.

My hay ricks were burned, my stock shot down, although I had many friends among the full blood Indians. They were powerless to aid me, for these acts were well concealed and taken care of by foes urging the people to testify to nothing in my favor before the courts, I was forced to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government for protection; yet my enemies continued their tactics and the United States agent interfered and demanded an investigation, and then Chief Perryman assured the Agent by letter that he would see that I was protected in every right of a citizen of this nation, and the trouble for a time ceased.

As the election neared, some of my friends resolved to vindicate my right by running me for the Chieftaincy. Then Chief Perryman declared if I was elected they would never permit me to take the executive chair.

By prejudice, in violation to his pledge to the United States Agent, he used hostile language in

violent opposition to my right of political franchise in full; yet I voted unchallenged at the polls. His intimidating and misleading statements caused a great many to not vote for me who would have otherwise done so. Many in consequence remained at home and did not vote for anyone. Hurrah! for Esparhecher again. There wasn't a dollar of bribe money to his aid. Hurrah! Where is your vaunted glory of money buying patriotism of? Forever gone.

Furthermore, the United States commissioner at Muskogee can not say I have forfeited my political rights here, as your henchmen falsely told through this country; when, as traitors ye plotted against the liberties of this country.

Many, many years ago, Hoppiya Micco, a half Breed Indian of the Okmulgee band of the Creek tribe during his young days married a young woman of the deer clan, named "The Singer." She was of the Kona Lufty band. A band of the Overhill tribe of the Cherokee Nation. This man and woman was two of my great Grand Parents, being the parents of Hester who was the mother of Eliza Roane, who was the daughter of Hulpatta-Hacho, also named James Roane a half breed Indian of the

Okmulgee band. My mother was born in 1814, and her father was slain in the wars of that time.

Eliza Roane was my mother and Edward W. Gregory was my father. He was a descendant of the Grigaloch clan of Highland Scotland, of the old clan of Rob Roy McGregor. His ancestors fought on the side of the Stuart Dynasty during the great civil war of England, and after the death of King Charles they were dissatisfied with the rule of Cromwell; they emigrated to the colony, Virginia, and there my immediate lineage became connected with the families of Washington, by Mildrid, and next Wilson, by Rebecca. My Grand-father, John Gregory went to the north-west territory, and in the Sandusky country married Mary Woods and lived in the Ohio country. They were the parents of my father who was born in 1796.

My father came to this Territory in 1826 and was here when the first old settler Creeks came to this country under Gen. Chilly McIntosh, and here my parents were married by the Chaplain of Old Ft. Gibson.

I was born on the 11th day of January, 1842 near the old Tallahassee Mission, Coweta District, Creek Nation. The records will show that my mother and

grandmother were old settler Creeks. The records will show that I am a Creek Indian Citizen, and within all these years I have been with you as I am to-day.

Excepting a part of the years of the civil war, I was with the 9th Kansas Cavalry as the records of that regiment will show.

As the rule of lineage follows the female in descent, So will the clan of the Deer, that has descended from the Singer of many, many years ago, still point out to you that understand, that my immediate relatives are two families of cousins.

For the graves of the loved dead, Chowee-matha, Tinseehokee, Thawahee, Loweeh, Chohacho, are lost in shades of silence, with no living descendants to speak the voice of their souls.

JAMES R. GREGORY